

RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1850.

NUMBER 26.

TALES.

THE TWO ACTS:

OR, "THEY HAVE THEIR REWARD."

BY HENRY G. LEE.

"No, indeed! I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Lionel to her husband, who had come home with the intelligence that a cousin of his, a widow had died suddenly, and left a little girl three years old, whom he proposed that his wife should adopt and raise as her own—they having no children.—But she gave a decided negative on the spot.

"She is a sweet, interesting child," urged Mr. Lionel. "You will soon get attached to her, and be more than repaid in the new affection awakened in your heart, for all the care and trouble she may occasion."

"It's no use to talk to me, Mr. Lionel," returned the lady, in a positive tone of voice. "I know about the care and trouble, and am not willing to take it upon myself. As I have no children of my own, I am not disposed to take the burden of other people's. So it is useless for you to press this subject; for I will never consent to what you propose."

"If you feel that way, I shall certainly not urge the matter," said her husband. Though, as far as I am concerned, it would give me great pleasure to adopt Aggy, who is a charming little creature. I wish you could see her."

"I have no particular desire. All children are alike to me. As to the beauty, that is a poor compensation for the trouble. So I must beg to be excused."

Mr. Lionel said no more on the subject. He was exceedingly fond of children, and never ceased to regret that he had none of his own. In two or three instances before he had endeavored to prevail upon his wife to adopt a child, but she had, each time, firmly declined. She had very little affection for children herself, and was not willing to take the care and trouble that she saw would necessarily be involved in the adoption of a child. The little girl, who by the death of his cousin, had been left homeless and apparently friendless, was a sweet young creature, whom to look upon was to love.—Mr. Lionel had never seen her without a warning of his heart toward her, and a secret wish that she were his own instead of another's. The moment he heard of his cousin's death, he determined to adopt Agnes, or Aggy, as she was called, provided his wife was willing. She was too selfish to love anything out of herself. A thought of the child's

good—of giving a home to the homeless—of being a mother to the motherless—never crossed her mind. She only thought of the trouble the little orphan would give.

The insuperable difficulty in the way of adopting Aggy as his own, did not destroy the interest which Mr. Lionel felt in her. He considered it his duty to see that she was provided with a good home, and was willing to be at the cost of her maintenance, if necessary. His first thought had been to adopt the child, and until that was understood to be out of the question, he had thought of nothing else in regard to her. How she was to be disposed of, now that his wife had definitely settled the matter against him, became a new subject of reflection. After due deliberation, he concluded to see a distant relative on the subject, with whom, since his marriage, he had held but little familiar intercourse, although he had always entertained for her a high respect. The reason of this was the cold, proud, unsocial temper of his wife, who rather looked down upon his relatives because their standing in society was not as she considered it quite as high as her's had been and still was.—Necessarily, such a disposition in his wife would prevent much social intercourse between Mr. Lionel and his relatives notwithstanding his regard for them might continue as high as before his marriage.

The relative to whom reference has just been made, was a lady whose husband, a very estimable man, was in moderately good circumstances.—They had three children of their own, the youngest of which was nearly ten years of age. From his high appreciation of Mrs. Wellford's character, Mr. Lionel, who, from thinking of Aggy as his adopted child, began to love her almost as much as if she were really his own, felt a strong desire that she should take the orphan. He had not seen her for a couple of years when he called upon her to talk about the orphan. A little to his surprise, Mrs. Wellford, when she met him in the parlor, entered, leading Aggy by the hand,

"Dear little creature! he said, taking the child up in his arms, and kissing her as soon as he had shaken hands with Mrs. Wellford. "I am glad to see you in such good hands. It is about this very child, Mary," he added, that I have come to talk with you. What is to be done with her?"

"I don't know," returned Mrs. Wellford.—"She must have a home somewhere among us.—The dear child! Anybody could love her. Have you thought of taking her?"

"If I were to consult my own feelings and wish-

es, I should adopt her as my own child immediately. But I am not at liberty to do this, and, therefore, must not think about it. I am willing, however, to be at the entire cost of her maintenance and education, if you will undertake the care of her.—What I can do, I will do with all my heart."

"We have already talked seriously about adding Aggy to our little household," replied Mrs. Wellford. "And if no one else offers to do so, we will keep her and do for her the same as if she were our own. It will bring more care and anxiety for me, which, as my health is not good, will be felt; but if not better provided for, it will be my duty to take the place of her mother, and I will assume the office cheerfully."

"But at my charge," said Mr. Lionel.

"No," replied Mr. Wellford. "A mother accepts no pay for her duty. It is a labor of love and brings its own sweet reward. Though Providence has not given us wealth, yet we have enough, and, I think, as much to spare as this dear child will need. For you kind wishes and intentions for Aggy, I will thank you in her stead. I thought, perhaps, as you had no children, that you might wish to adopt her; but, as this cannot be, it will doubtless fall to our lot."

Mr. Lionel went home, feeling less satisfied with his wife's spirit and temper, so strongly contrasted, as it was, with that of Mrs. Wellford, than he had felt for a long time.

"She will have reward," he murmured to himself, "and, as she said, justly, it will be sweet." This was in allusion to Mrs. Wellford, who had called the mother's duty she was about assuming, a labor of love.

Little Aggy scarcely felt the loss of her parent. The love she had borne her mother, was transferred to her aunt, as Mrs. Wellford was called, so early that no void was left in her heart. It took but a little while, for each member of the family to feel that Aggy had a right to be among them, and for Mr. and Mrs. Wellford to love her as their own child.

Years rolled by, and brought them many unlooked-for changes both to Mrs. Lionel and Mrs. Wellford. Both had been subjected to afflictions and reverses—the severest, perhaps, that ordinarily fall to the lot of any—for both were widows and both friendless and poor. As for Mrs. Wellford, she had not only lost her husband but all her children were taken, and she was left alone in the world with the orphan Aggy. But she grown into a lovely young woman, nestled closer to her side, and into her very bosom; though not with a helpless,

but in a sustaining spirit. Death, though he had robbed her of much, had still left her much.— Bereaved as she had been, she was neither lonely nor sad. How different with Mrs. Lionel! After the death of her husband, and the total loss of her property, she fell back at once from her advanced position in the social rank, into neglect, obscurity and want. For the very means of subsistence, exertion became necessary. But what could she do for a living, who had, in her whole life, done scarcely a useful thing—who had been little better than a drone in the social hive? Nothing! Or, if there was small ability, there was pride enough remaining to prevent its exercise.

After her husband's death, which followed shortly after the reverses that stripped him of all worldly possessions, Mrs. Lionel retired into the family of a poor relative, who had been little thought of in brighter days, and who, although she did not want to receive her, could not close her door in her face. A sad spectacle she was. Shut up in the little chamber that was assigned her, she never went out, and only met the family she was burdening with her presence, at the table, and then with an aspect so gloomy and reserved, as to throw a chill over the feelings of all.

For a short period, Mrs. Lionel paid a small sum for her boarding, but no very long time passed before all her money was exhausted, and she became absolutely dependent upon the poor woman very distantly related to her, whose only means of support was her personal labor and that of her daughter.

After the death of her husband and children, Mrs. Wellford, who was left quite as poor as Mrs. Lionel, began to look around her for some means of securing an income for herself and Agnes, whom she loved, now that all the rest were gone, with a tenderness that equalled the sum of her love for all. But, what to do, was a difficult thing to determine. As a young girl her education had been very plain. She could not therefore, resort to teaching in any branch, for she had not the requisite ability. Sewing always gave her a severe pain in the breast and side, so that, whatever might be her skill in needle work, she was precluded from resorting in it as a means of obtaining money.

"I think," she said to Agnes, after looking at the subject in every possible light, "that there is but one thing left for me to do."

"What is that, aunt?" inquired Agnes.

"Taking a few boarders. I could attend them."

"It will be very hard work," suggested the niece, "too hard for you. No—no, aunt, that will not do. Look what a slave's life Mrs. Mill-turn has! Don't think of it."

"I must do something, you know, Agnes, dear. In a little while all our money will be gone. I have thought of everything, but my mind comes back to this at last. I don't like the thought of it but it is right for me to exert myself, and I must do so without a murmur."

"Haven't you thought of any thing that I can do?" asked Agnes, in a cheerful voice. "I am sure that I can do something," she added, confidently, "and I am younger, and have better health than you have."

"I cannot think, my dear child," Mrs. Wellford said, with much tenderness in her voice, "of your being exposed to the world's rough contact. You are too young."

"The contact you seem so to dread, cannot hurt me aunt," returned Agnes. "To the pure all things are pure. If I have in me a right spirit, the world cannot hurt me."

"But I cannot bear the thought of seeing you, in the very spring-time of life, when all along your path should grow up flowers to fill the air with perfume, chained like a slave to the car of labor. No, no Aggy; it must not be! I can do all that is required. If I fail, then it will be time enough for me to call upon you for aid."

Pride as well as affection reigned in the breast of Mrs. Wellford. She could not bear the thought of seeing Agnes in any kind of labor for money. She was fully capable of giving instruction in many things, and of securing thereby a fair income; but her aunt would not hear to her seeking for employment.

"Aunt is wrong," Agnes said to herself, when alone, soon after the interview in which Mrs. Wellford declared it as her belief that the only thing left for her to do, was to take a few boarders. "I ought not to see her do this." She sat thoughtful for a few moments, and then added aloud—"and I will not see her do it. I have received everything from her and now is the time for me to make some return. But what shall I do? Where shall I seek for employment?"

Half an hour after she had asked herself these questions so earnestly, Agnes picked up a newspaper, and the first thing that met her eyes was an advertisement for a persons to give lessons in music, and one or two modern languages to three young ladies, for which a liberal compensation would be paid. Without saying a word to her aunt, Agnes put on her things and went to the place mentioned in the advertisement. The house before which she paused was a very large one, in a fashionable part of the city. Everything around it indicated a wealthy owner. For a few moments she felt timid, and hesitated about presenting herself; but she soon regained her self-possession, and made the application for which she had come.

A middle aged woman, of mild and lady-like deportment, met her on being shown into one of the departments of the house.

"I believe you advertised for a teacher?" said Agnes, speaking in a low, trembling voice. She found herself more agitated than she had expected.

"We did," replied the lady, "and have already received several applications; tho' none of those who have answered the advertisement, suit us in all respects. And I am afraid that we shall hardly find all that we desire in you."

There was nothing in the way this was said to hurt the feelings of Agnes, but rather to make her feel more free to speak.

"Why do you think I will not suit?" she asked, looking earnestly into the lady's face.

"Because you are too young. You cannot be over seventeen years of age."

"I am nineteen," returned Agnes.

"But even that is young. We wish a person of some experience, and of the first ability. I will not question your ability, but you certainly cannot have much experience in teaching. Have you ever given lessons in music?"

"Not yet, but I wish to do so, and believe that I could give satisfaction."

"Then you have never been engaged in teaching at all?" "No—never."

"I hardly think you would suit us?"

The countenance of Agnes fell so suddenly that the lady's sympathies were awakened, and she said, "Are you very desirous of securing a situation as teacher?"

"Desirous above all things," replied Agnes, with much earnestness.

The lady continued to ask question after question, until she understood fully what was in the young girl's mind. She then appreciated her more highly, although she did not believe her fully qualified to give the instruction that was desired. Agnes who gained confidence the more she conversed with the lady at length urged that she might have a trial.

"But suppose, after we give you a trial, that you do not suit us. We shall find it hard to send you away."

The force of this objection was fully appreciated by the lady when she uttered it, for already she felt so drawn toward the young girl with whom she was holding the interview, that her feelings were fast getting the control of her judgement.

"I am sure I will suit you," replied Agnes, "for I will give the most untiring attention to my duties."

The lady looked at her beautiful young face, lit up with the earnestness of a true purpose, and felt as she had never before felt for a stranger. She addressed her a few words in French, to which Agnes replied in the same language.

"Your accent is certainly very correct. Now let me hear your perform something on the piano," she said.

Agnes went to the instrument, and after selecting a piece of music, sat down and ran her fingers gracefully over the keys. The lady stood by to listen. Soon the young girl was amidst of one of Heriz's most beautiful but familiar compositions, which she executed with unusual taste as well as brilliancy. Her touch was exquisite, and at the same time full, and, where required, bold and confident.

"Admirable!" she heard uttered in a low voice, but just behind, as she struck the last note in the piece. It was not the voice of a woman.

She started up and turned quickly. More auditors than she had supposed were present. A young man, and three beautiful young girls stood listening behind their mother. They had been attracted from adjoining room by the music, so far superior to any thing ordinarily heard. A deep crimson overspread the sweet young face of Agnes, heightening every native charm. The young man instantly retired, and the mother introduced her to her daughters, who were in love with so lovely an instructress, and threw their voices at once in her favor. These voices but seconded the mother's prepossessions.

"Nothing has yet been said about compensation," remarked the lady to Agnes, after she had requested the girls to leave them again alone. "We are willing to pay liberally if we can get the person we want. At present, I feel strongly in favor of giving you a trial. If after thinking over the subject, it is concluded to do so, your salary will be four hundred dollars. Do you think that will meet your wishes?"

"Fully," replied Agnes, with an emotion that she could scarcely conceal. The sum was larger than she had expected.

"Of course I would like to be at home every night with my aunt," she said.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1850.

THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

THE present number closes the twenty-sixth volume of the Repository. A long time, but we cannot yet, take leave of our friends, another year rises on our hopes, with increased advantages of rendering our work worthy of public patronage.

We trust that our future efforts will not be found less worthy of support; that our present Subscribers will remain, and that additional ones will come in so as to enable us to go on in the course of improvement. Many have kindly aided our labors, some by encouraging and others by lending their talents and names to our pages. Such have our hearty thanks, and we respectfully solicit a continuance of their favors. There is another class of friends who have been staunch supporters of the Repository, we allude to those who, from the early day of the work, have adhered to it till the present period.—To such as have favored us through all the shifting winds of taste and fancy, we are strongly bound. In their families must be many readers, now grown to manhood who bent their boyish eyes over our incipient numbers; and we please ourselves with the reflection that some of the other sex, who peradventure, have twisted our bygone lucubrations in their hair while dressing for a ball or party, lean over the shoulder of their husband,

— a happy wife

Or happier mother now ;”

to amuse themselves with the reflections of our maturer years; surely we may count on their friendship.

STODDARD'S DIARY, OR FARMERS' ALMANAC, FOR 1851.

THIS Almanac will be ready for sale, about the last of Oct. when we shall be happy to supply all those who wish to purchase at wholesale or retail.

No publication excepting the Bible is so universally circulated, and he who can give a wise maxim, or discreet direction in the pages of an Almanac, has probably more influence on the character of a people, than the writers of large volumes of philosophy and morality. In this view of the subject, Almanacs are very important works. By the influence of Dr. Franklin's Almanacs he moulded the minds of his countrymen; his prudential maxims are more efficient conductors of his fame than the lightning rod. And consequently the plan that our Merchants and Mechanics have adopted, of advertising in the pages of an Almanac must be a good one, as every family in the Union will have an Almanac, and there upon its pages they can see who has the cheapest and best goods, and what can be cheaper or more convenient than a register of this kind.

The whole edition of this Almanac will be from FIFTEEN to TWENTY THOUSAND. We would say, to those Merchants, and Mechanics, who have not availed themselves, of this great method of advertising, that we have a few more pages left, which shall be at their service if applied for soon.

MARRIAGES.

At Kinderhook, on the 17th inst. by Wm. Kip, Esq. Henry Smith to Margaret Bristol.

At Greenbush, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. O. Emmons, Mr. Walter Harris, of Albany, to Miss Elizabeth Doniger, of Germantown, Columbia Co. N. Y.

At Catskill, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Murdock, Rev. David Murdock, to Julia Augusta, daughter of the late D. C. Porter, of this city.

At New-York, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Finlay, John N. McGiffert, of Stockport, to Miss Sarah B. Pattison, of the former place.

At Claverack, on the 10th inst. according to the ceremony of the Society of Friends, John Stanton Gould, of Stockport, Columbia Co. to Hannah daughter of the late Thomas Wright.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 23d inst. Gilbert Newman, of New-York, in the 31st year of his age.

On the 19th inst. of hemorrhage of the lungs, Sarah Elizabeth Tompkins, aged 30 years, daughter of R. H. Tompkins.

On the 17th inst. after a lingering and intensely painful illness Mary Vallonin, daughter of J. T. and C. A. Perkins, aged 8 years, 2 months and 27 days.

She passed away—and left a shade to darken o'er the brow
Of all who knew and loved her here—that shadow lingereth now;
But, as the fairest flower is sought by the first coming frost,
So soon our gifted ones decay—our beautiful are lost.

At Gl. Barington, Mass. on the 14th inst. Wm. H. Sprague, brother of S. Sprague of this city, aged 47 years.

At Stuyvesant, on the 15th inst. Mr. Jacob Dingman, aged 26 years.

At Stockport, on the 21st ult. Andrew Burgert, son of Maj. Abraham Burgert, aged 20 years.

“To that we should make no objection. To-morrow morning I will be prepared to give you an answer.”

Agnes retired with a heart full of hope, yet trembling lest something should prevent the engagement she was so eager to make. She said nothing to her aunt, who, bent on taking boarders, started out the ensuing morning to look for a house suited for that purpose. As soon as she was gone, Agnes went with a trembling heart to hear the decision that was to be made in favor or against her application. It was favorable!

On going home, she found her aunt had not yet returned, nor did she come back for two hours.—Then she was so worn down with fatigue that she had to go to bed. A cup of tea revived her; but her head ached so badly that she did not get up until late in the afternoon when she was better.

“I have found a house, Aggy,” she said, as soon as she felt like alluding to the subject, “that will just suit. The owner is to give me an answer about it to-morrow.”

“If looking for a house has made you sick enough to go to bed, aunt,” returned Agnes, “how can you expect to bear the fatigue of keeping boarders in the house after you have taken it? you must not think of it. In two good rooms, at a light rent, we can live very comfortably, and at an expense much lighter than we have at present to bear.”

“Yes, Agnes, comfortably enough, if we had the ability to meet that expenses. But we have not. You know that there is no income.”

“There has been none—but—”

“But what dear?” Mrs. Wellford saw there was something more than usual in the mind of Agnes.

“Forgive me, dear aunt,” said the affectionate girl, throwing her arm around the neck of her relative; “but I cannot see you, at your time of life and in ill health, compelled to toil as you propose. I have therefore applied for and secured a situation in a private family as a teacher of music and languages to three young ladies, for which I am to receive a salary of four hundred dollars a year.”

While Mrs. Wellford was looking for a house, and after she had found one, the fatigue and pain she suffered led her more fully to realize, than she had done before, the great labor with a doubtful result, that she was taking upon herself. She was, therefore, just in the state of mind to receive the unexpected communication made by Agnes.

“You are a good girl,” she merely replied, kissing her as she spoke.

“And you do not object?” eagerly asked the niece.

“How can I?” respond Mrs. Wellford, leaning her head down upon the shoulder of Agnes. In a few moments, she said, as she looked up, with tears glittering on the eyelashes—“may Heaven reward you!” And turning away, she left Agnes to her own happy thoughts.

Six months from this time, as Mrs. Lionel sat alone in her room, gloomy and sad, the woman with whom she was living, and upon whom she still laid herself a heavy burden, came in where she was and said—

“Did you know that your niece, Agnes Wellford, was married yesterday, to the son of the richest men in town?”

“No! It can't be!” quickly replied Mr. Lionel. “Mr. Wellford died not worth a dollar, and his widow has been as poor as poverty ever since.”

“No, not quite that,” said the woman. “Agnes has supported her comfortably by teaching music. I heard the whole story this morning. Mrs. Wellford wanted to keep boarders, but Agnes wouldn't hear to it, and, against her aunt's wishes, went out and applied for a place as teacher to three young ladies in a wealthy family, for which she received a salary of four hundred dollars a year.—She had not taught long before the brother of the young ladies fell in a love with her, to which no very strong objection was made by his friends.—And now they are married.”

“And what of Mrs. Wellford?” was eagerly inquired.

“They go to housekeeping forthwith, and Mrs. Wellford is to live with them.”

Mrs. Lionel clasped her hands together and sinking back in her chair exclaimed:

“Oh! what an error I committed!”

“How?” inquired the woman.

But Mrs. Lionel did not answer the question.—She had her reward, and Mrs. Wellford had hers.

MISCELLANY.

A WESTERN WOMAN.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Detroit paper describes a western woman, whose feats of industry will doubtless be regarded as fabulous by many of our delicate and do nothing city ladies. It seems that during the past winter and spring, her husband having gone to California, besides taking care of five children, the eldest girl twelve years of age and her eldest boy only five years old, the youngest an infant at the breast, she has wove seven hundred yards satin and shawls; made eight hundred pounds maple sugar; cut and drawn from the forest all the wood the family needed during the winter, and chopped the same at the door; attended to her milling and trading fifteen miles from home, with an ox team, driving it herself, and taking all the care of them and her six cows and eleven sheep, when at home. Above all, she is only about thirty-five years of age, very modest and unassuming, and has no idea that she has accomplished anything more than any industrious woman may, with ordinary diligence and good health.

How, in this world, can the husband of such a wife need to go to California in search for wealth?

VICAR OF BRAY.

ALTHOUGH no phrase is more common than the “Vicar of Bray,” few, we believe, are acquainted with its real origin, which is this:—“The Vicar of Bray in Berkshire, was a Papist under the sway of Henry VIII. and a Protestant under Edward IV.; he was a Papist again under Queen Mary, and again a Protestant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. When he was reproached for his frequent apostasy, he answered, “I cannot help it, but if I change my religion, I am sure I keep true to my principle, which is to live and die Vicar of Bray.”

“This hot weather has made queer work with Jones's vinegar,” said Sam to Uncle Nathan. “He has about forty hogheads on hand, and he thinks he shall have to get rid of it the best way he can; haven't you heard about it?” “No, I have not heard anything. What is the matter, what is the trouble with the vinegar?” “It is all sour.” “Sam, you will be the death of somebody yet.”



POETRY.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Strong climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is roll'd;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sun-flower of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam,
To mountain winds the famished fox
Complains that Sol is slow
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils in light the snake;
And here the fire-tuft hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.
Oh then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane!
For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure,
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature!
A world not scorned by Him who made
Even weakness by his might;
But solemn in his depth of shade,
And splendid in his light.
Light! not alone on clouds afar
O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or wisely teaching sun and star,
Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh, no! thou art a wondrous book,
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand!
And here, O light! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here.
Yon drop fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
And that, Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Aodes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heaven in madness flings
The blind foam of its might?
Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still?
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.
What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
Thy feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom high.
O God of marvels! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these gray stones unseen may dwell;
What nations with their kings?

I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruin'd realms!
Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impell'd by woe or whim,
May crawl some atom cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses, and admires
The works of Nature's might,
Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night!
O God of terrors! what are we?—
Poor insects, spark'd with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee
Could smite us into nought!
But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand
Thy little ones would sleep.

JONATHAN AND SALLIE.

A Duett.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Sallie—Naow Jonathan, I guess as now,
You're going arter rum,
And if ye be, I tell you naow
Ye better stay at hum.
The tater patch is full o' weeds,
The pigs keep crawlin' in,
And that old shacklin' barndoor needs
A staple and a pin.
The old caow tu' has run away,
Because the fence was down;
Ye'd better dew some chores to-day,
And stay away from town.
Jon'n—Dod blast it! Sall, I tell you naow,
Ye kinder raise my spunk;
I'll go to town, to-day, I swow
And deme! I'll get drunk!
Ye'er fuller of yer jaw, I snore,
Than Satan's full of sin;
Ye'er mouth needs more than the barn door
A staple and a pin.
Sallie—That's pretty stuff to give your wife,
That's pleadin' fur yer good,
That we're to lead a dreadful life
Is clearly understood.
Ye'll larn to guzzle like a snow,
And be a drunken smack—
The little we have gathered, naow
Is goin' all to rack.
Then quarrels, poverty and duns,
And constables will come,
And we, with our little ones,
Shall be without a hum.
Hunger and rags will foller fast,
And poverty and shame;
And ye'll die in the street at last,
And who will be to blame?
Oh! husband! I remember still
When first ye were my spark,
Then ye was busy as a mill,
And merry as a lark.
A very bird's nest was our hum,
In our first married years,
Before ye larn't to put down rum,
And I to put out tears. [She weeps.]
Jon'n—Ye're right Sal, every wurd ye drop
Is just like preachin' true,
I'll never drink another drop,
Im blasted if I do. [And he didn't.]

A LOVER'S OATH.

By this white hand, thus shook with such sweet fear;
By the deliciousness of this droop'd eye;
By the red witchery of this trembling lip;
By all the charm of woman's weeping love.

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